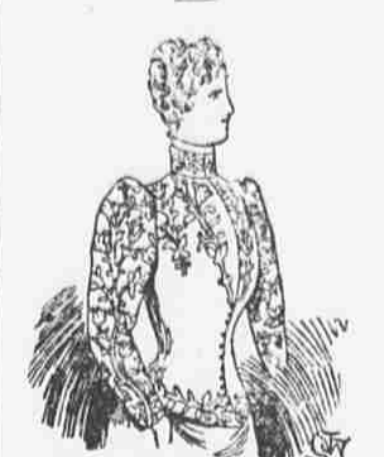


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SQUARE.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.
Fads, Fancies and Fashions That
Delight the Gentler Sex.
Hats of Surah and China Silks—
Children's Costumes Miniature
Imitations of their Mothers'—
—Stiff Skirt Linings
Not Popular.

The new hats for the smaller half of creation are made of surah and china silks, with narrow crowns and shirred brims, having no trimmings but a large silk pompadour. One fashionable hat is made of white, cream-white satin, trimmed with three or five tips, in which any lady would look very charming, though it must be acknowledged that the shirred ones of white china silk are the prettier, and have the merit of being more easily cleaned.



Long-haired children are wisely going out of fashion. So are short-haired women.

Mrs. C. L. Hunt Wallace, of Chicago, has written a book with the attractive caravanserai title, "Flesh-Eating a Fashion."

Some of the new styles for children and misses are exact imitations of those affected by their mothers, the cloaks being especially similar. Accordion-plaited garments with long before and considered effective by lovers of true art in dress. Embroidered flannels, designed for misses, made exceedingly pretty and stylish dresses. They are worn with straw hats trimmed with a new sash material made for the purpose.

Mrs. Huggins assists her husband, Dr. Huggins, in his astronomical researches, and has lately been engaged with him in some important studies of the spectrum of the great nebula in Orion.

Senora Dona Emilia Perito has lately delivered before the Spanish Athenaeum at Madrid a short course of lectures on Russia. It was the first time a woman had ever been invited to address that body, which is composed of the leading representatives of Spanish literature and scholarship.

Tailors refuse to use stiff skirt linings. Muslin and alpaca are ignored, and, if silk is objectionable on account of expense, a light-weight cashmere or alpaca is selected for the foundation.

When you are tired all over, don't collapse and drink tea. That is how too many women ruin their complexions, nerves, temper and digestion, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. "Take a glass or two of milk, and stop work awhile and let yourself cool down. If you cannot, then go on the case you can, but don't learn to depend on tea for inspiration. It will make your digestion, nervousness and exhaustion continually worse. Tea is a very irritable of temper. It is doubtful whether an alcoholic drink is much worse than a tea drinker. Bah! Drink tea till your back teeth are under water if you want to, only, dear, gentle kettles, cups and cozy smokers, don't tear your friends to pieces."

No respect or consideration is ever shown the women of Boston. "You are carried over a beam," is the pathetic proverb among these peasant slaves. Some of the men have good forms, and they are tall, shapely, grave and fine. Some even possess classic faces, intensified by their long, coarse hair and white, black, low-crowned hats. But a lion's roar is a shallow thing, and a shallow thing is a shallow woman. It is a shallow thing, and a shallow thing is a shallow woman. It is a shallow thing, and a shallow thing is a shallow woman.

The Aldermen are besought to pass an ordinance to sell vegetables by weight. It is thought to be in the interests of the consumer. Sell them by weight.

It looks as if WILLIAM F. SHERMAN might get the Speakership of the State Legislature. If he does, Mr. HUGHES is liable to have an unhappy time.

Candidates for the vacancy on the City Court Bench are beginning in point of numbers to rival the hunters for the Speakership.

At the Convention on constitutional prohibition yesterday those present were appointed a committee to look after things.

The Farmers' Alliance leaders are planning for a third National party, to take part in the campaign of 1892.

OLLIE TEAL has resigned from the P. M. L. His reason is that he doesn't want to become a professional citizen.

A squeak of regret is heard from the Hamilton Republican Club, which is now sorry it joined the P. M. L.

Secretary WINDUP did not hurry to the relief of Wall Street yesterday as briskly as he did before election.

The blinder tie was not a tie that bound the farmer states to the McKinley tariff charter wheels.

BLAINE and PIERCE appear to be Iowa's idea of the next Republican Presidential ticket.

Mr. SCOTT's campaign expenses were only \$20.00. He got off almost Scott free.

McKINLEY is now going about explaining.

THE MARRYING AGE
"Love Will Always Ignore a Moderate Difference in Years."

What Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Felix Adler and the Duchess of Marlborough Say.

Nell Nelson Analyzes All the Letters and Decides in Favor of W. H. M.

The marriage age contest is over. Competition for THE EVENING WORLD's golden prize has brought forth great chunks of wisdom and the ventilation of any amount of sentimental twaddle. Should husband and wife be near the same age, or should the wife be much younger? is, as the funny man puts it, one of those things that nobody can find out. I put the question to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and she only answered: "Bah!" The gentle, thoughtful Mrs. Felix Adler said: "Age is immaterial." Lovely Mrs. Judge Pryor says that "years have nothing to do with the case." Conservative Mrs. Kendal remarked laughingly, "What folly!" and serious, earnest Mrs. Dr. Guernsey thought that "a girl could be happy with any husband she respected, that every man will care for the being he loves, and that marriage has no stronger tie than mutual interest."

"It is not a question of age," said the stately and brilliant Duchess of Marlborough, "but of adaptability. A husband will love his wife just as long as she pleases him, and with adaptability she need never hurt his vanity." The best time for a man to marry is when he is in love, and it doesn't make any difference whether he is twenty-two or sixty-two. It goes without saying that invalids and paupers are excepted. There are unfortunately masculine failures in the case of non-success and negative ability—who will find it advantageous to hide their time until it is convenient to love a mental Juno or an American Helen.

The best time for a woman to marry is when she is asked. The McKinley bill, the popularity of typewriting, the superabundance of clerks, teachers, trained nurses, lady merchants and academy cooks, the advance of seamstresses from common dress-making to the ranks of the modiste, the ubiquity of specialists in medicine, massage and manicuring, and the influx of society leaders into literary and art work have combined to increase the difficulty for a single woman to walk alone.

There is nothing about board and lodgings, tidy dresses, warm flannels, shoes and stockings, gloves, bonnets, books and bonbons that can be called theoretic or sentimental, and the time for the woman to marry who needs these things is the first good chance she gets.

Of course, no woman with common sense, tact and judgment is likely to wed a dandy or a hooligan; but, wanting those characteristics, it doesn't make a great deal of difference whom she marries. If, for reasons best known to herself, a woman chooses to wed a man her junior she can hold him and rule him just as long as his affection lasts. But it is a great risk. Old women and super-educated women are apt to become didactic and domineering, and if there is anything a live American man will not submit to it is domestic tutoring. Women teachers never succeed in male colleges. But given adaptability and a pupil of one there are even chances of success.

It is generally admitted that there is a better basis for a woman's marriage than love. The rose-colored, red-hot passion is very tender and beautiful in novels and poems, but it is not to be compared to that profound admiration, respect. The adorable creature, with perfume in his hand-kerchief and muscadine, bend-like eyes, rosy cheeks and manicured, much jeweled fingers, the hero of a girl's affection, doesn't wear. He goes out of style a year after date, no matter what his age may be. An army of his kind is not worth one big-headed, red-headed, raw-boned man who believes in the nobility of woman. The days of "looking up" to men are all past and gone. As "Newark" puts it: "No man is a hero to his wife, and this 'novel' notion that a woman looks up to a man is all nonsense. They look to each other for mutual health and comfort."

If there is any fighting to be done, if a burglar is in the house, if a certain orpulture needs recharging, or a woman wants an extra \$50 bill, then she may pay her lord and master the compliment of looking up, but under no other circumstances.

As to women growing older sooner than men, is a debatable question. No woman grows old who is properly cared for. What good living will not do for a woman's beauty, good clothes, good powder and soap and an occasional steam bath will restore.

Beauty and sweetness in a woman, strength and character in a man, regardless of age, will bring into home life as much happiness as mortals are permitted to enjoy. Love levels all, as W. H. M. tersely puts it, to

Nine Out of Ten
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

WHOM THE EVENING WORLD'S golden coin is awarded.
LOVE LEVELS ALL.
To the Editor:
There can be no definite answer. Some men age quicker than some women, and vice versa. Custom and popular prejudice say the wife should be the younger, but the majority of marriages show that custom and popular prejudice are poor guides.
Temperament, intellect and character are the ruling factors of wedded life; compatibility in these three make marriage a success, the want a failure. Extremes avoided, similarity or difference in age has little to do with a successful marriage.
Love, both of respect and a kindly heart, levels age. In a marriage of heart, intellect and character, a dozen years either way is immaterial.
Love will always ignore a moderate difference in years.
W. H. M.
Todd's letter ranks second:
NO MATTER WHAT THE DISPARITY.
To the Editor:
The entire age of men and women who marry do not necessarily regulate their future happiness, but I think it is generally conceded that the conditions are more favorable to where there is not too great a disparity of years.
The husband and wife may be near the same age, or the wife may be much younger, and in either case the marriage gives a fortunate one if the couple are naturally adapted to each other. Love alone is not sufficient to guarantee conjugal congeniality, no matter what the comparative ages are.
Unless there is dignity and the disposition to harmonize all differences that arise after marriage, love may not last.
It is essential to the best results of a union for life that there be mutual confidences and concessions, and the cultivation of sympathetic tastes and recreations.
In my judgment the recognition of equality of rights tends to develop the utmost possibilities of each and to result in a feeling of mutual contentment.
Good mental and physical health and amiable character are of greater importance than years in the selection of a mate; therefore an arbitrary rule would have many exceptions, if based solely upon age.
TODD.
It deserves honorable mention.
NELL NELSON.

"THE IDLER."
Herbert Keiley, in the role of a lover, seemed to infinity, was a sensation at the Lyceum Theatre last night. As a rule, Herbert puns at his Georgia, and Georgia puns back for her Herbert; then they have a little fight, and as the final curtain falls they are irretrievably happy. Last night, however, in "The Idler," a new play by C. Claddon Chambers, presented for the first time on any stage, Georgia's loveliness tempts Herbert to forget that he has a clientele of matinee girls, who will never, never leave him any more after such naughtiness. For Georgia—alas!—is married, and Herbert loves her just the same. Nelson Wheatcroft is her husband, who is such an unusual character that I am inclined to think that the audience sympathized with Keiley's desertion.
Well, to continue, Nelson has passed his earlier un-Georgian days abroad. He loves his wife and does not tell her that he killed a man in America by accident, for he does not wish to vex the little girl, Georgia, who is his dear little flirtation, fluttering heart, and she hadn't any intention of being his. Herbert is furious when he finds that she is married, and he makes no bones about saying so. He has known her husband, he discovers, and is aware of his American experience. The brother of the man Nelson killed comes to London, recognizes Nelson, swears that he shall be arrested and tried before an American jury.
Georgia is beside herself. Her little gurgles come forth, unobscured by a reason on the road, and she begs Herbert to save her. Herbert says he will do so, but that he will prevail with Eugene not to press the suit, but on the condition that if he succeeds Georgia shall fly with him. Georgia, who is lovely but not stupid, doesn't quite see the flying part of the contract, but she agrees. She visits Herbert's bachelor apartments at night to see if he has saved her husband. He has. She must give herself up to him. Oh, horror! It cannot be. It must not be. He has a mother. For his mother's sake, he must remember her.
Keiley looks at a chronicle of his mamma over the mantelpiece and relents—Georgia Herbert gives her the key of the door. She strikes faintly. There is somebody there. Oh, woe, woe, woe, it is Nelson, her husband. She hides, but comes forth at the proper dramatic time. Nelson believes that she is guilty and casts her from him. In the last act she proves that she is not guilty, and just as the curtain falls Herbert announces—and the bathos of the announcement almost ruins the effect of the play—that he is off to the North Pole.

"The Idler" is interesting and admirably acted, and is a rare exception to the rule that a play is a failure if it is not a comedy. The construction is extremely good and the dialogue bright. The story goes rapidly towards its denouement in a way that belies an old motto of our way to study. Had they been told to present the story of "The Idler" for the stage it would have been disgraced—any play so easily caricatured their play "Men and Women"—by half a dozen comely couples and as many irrelevant catch-laught situations.
Herbert Keiley is highly effective as the lover, but Miss Cayvan is only good in spots as the wife—and the spots are small. Nelson Wheatcroft is quiet and repressed, and Miss Sampson better than she has been for a long time.

"The Idler" ought to enjoy a long run at the Lyceum. It is admirably staged, and somehow or other—I can't explain it—the Lyceum itself predisposes one to enjoy it.

When one is feeling particularly cynical and weary it is comforting to go into this dainty little house, to sit before these clean refreshing actors and watch a good play, always charmingly acted.

And Then the West.
(From "The Idler.")

Strides (far forward)—I'd have to go to know, Jim, as I'm a law, Jim.

Lawyer (from the back)—That's just the trouble. You don't go with the law.

A Graphic Description
(From the same play.)
Lawyer (to the audience)—We still look one another in the eye and beat it. "The Political Situation."

Lower Than Auction Prices
Are the prices of the "Idler" at the Lyceum Theatre.

HOW THEY ALL GOT RICH.
Uncle Rob Tells How a Country Boy Rose in the World.



Now President of the Greatest Railway System.

Farmer, Lawyer, Statesman, Orator and Everybody's Friend.

Every little boy cannot hope to become a rich man, a great orator, a great lawyer, a hard worker, and still find time to visit with hundreds of people, all kinds of people, every day and attend a big banquet or party every night, but that is the sort of boy we are going to talk about to-day, Little Man.

This boy was born on a farm near Peekskill, on the banks of the Hudson River, fifty-six years ago, and he was for all the world just like other little boys. He liked to laugh and play; to throw snowballs and tease the little girls; to ride down the steep hills on his sled, make pictures of the school children on the blackboard and pet the duncy boy with paper-wads.

Why, when this boy was a very small chap in frocks a flock of geese on the farm caught sight of his bare little legs and drove him into a corner of the fence and hissed and hissed and flapped their wings at his legs till they 'most scared him out of his year's growth.

Yet this same boy is now President of the greatest railway system in the world, is counted among the greatest lawyers of the country, is one of the finest orators of America, a statesman, a good fellow and a politician all in one; earns \$50,000 a year, and lives in an elegant house in West Fifty-fourth street, where a small chap like you would be asked to come in and visit with him if you pulled the bell at his door and asked for him.

His name is Chauncey Mitchell Depew. He was named after his grandfather, and his father was descended from the French Huguenots, his mother was a granddaughter of a brother of old Roger Sherman and one of his forefathers was a Dutchman.

But the boy, Chauncey, was an out and out downright American.

He went to school at a little red school-house in Peekskill, and lived with his folks on a farm that his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather and I don't know how many relatives before him had owned for more than two hundred years.

Chauncey's father was a strict Presbyterian, and the little fellow had to go to church every Sunday, and there, as he couldn't understand the sermon, he counted the old men who slept all through the service and got his ears boxed by an old maid who sat behind him every time he nodded in sleep himself.

Chauncey liked fun, and he liked to read. He read everything in the village library, and as his uncle was Postmaster he used to go down to the post-office and read the newspapers and magazines that came through the mails till their real owners called for them.

The boy's head grew fastest forward and above the ears, and the brain that was to be of some use to him when a man grew big and strong.

But Chauncey didn't read all the time. He liked the girls and he could sing or dance with the best of them.

That boy could rattle off an Irish jig, twirl in the Highland fling or dance a plan-tation breakdown just like a variety dancer.

He always led the grand march at the village dances, and had the sweetest girl for a partner in every square dance or waltz. You see he was a jolly, good-natured, happy chap, and folks couldn't help liking him.

It's just so now, though he is fifty-six years old and handles more millions of money than any other man in the world. Millions that belong to other people who trust him—though he is a rich man himself besides.

Chauncey afterwards went to the Peekskill Academy and delivered vigorous arguments in the village debating society. He liked politics, but when he graduated he said he'd be a farmer, and his father was so happy that he bought him a new set of horse and spades, rakes and scythes, and told the boy to run the old farm; for he, the father, was busy enough taking care of his grocery store and running trains down to New York and back again.

Chauncey tried digging in the earth a while, but he didn't like it first rate, and he was mighty glad when his father concluded to send him to Yale College.

He had studied hard—he always did everything just as hard as he knew how—and he was mighty glad when his father concluded to send him to Yale College.

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Dutchess County, and in 1868 they elected him by 30,000 majority to go up to Albany and be Secretary of State.
That was a big thing for a young fellow only twenty-seven years old, but two years after that President Lincoln asked him to be his Minister to Japan.
Chauncey thought it all over, and then said he was much obliged, but he'd rather stay in the United States.
About this time old Commodore Vanderbilt met him and had a talk with him. The Commodore owned the Harlem Railroad and the New York Central and the Hudson River railroads, and he could fire more questions at a fellow than any other man living.

He fired all sorts of questions at Chauncey—and he asked about law, religion, mathematics, history, politics and the man in the moon. He was trying the young fellow. But the young fellow replied faster than the old Commodore could ask, and answered right every time.

So when the Commodore stopped because he was out of breath, Chauncey was still quite fresh. When the Commodore got his wind again he asked Chauncey to be the lawyer for the little Harlem Railroad and Chauncey said he would.

In 1869, when the Harlem, the Central and the Hudson River railroads were all joined together into one railroad, Chauncey was employed as attorney for the big concern, and in 1875 he was made general counsel.

Chauncey was always true to his friends and to his principles, and in 1872, when Republicans got disgusted with their party, and the Democrats with theirs, and the disgusted ones got together and nominated Horace Greeley for President, Chauncey made speeches for him, and they put him up for Lieutenant-Governor of New York State. He didn't want it—and he didn't get it, but he made some great speeches.

And in 1874 the Legislature elected him a Regent of the University.

He had been a director of the New York Central and Hudson River Railway for a long time, and was also one of the managers of the Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Chicago and Northwestern, Nickel Plate and other railroad companies, which were anxious to get his quick, wise advice, and in 1882 was elected Vice-President.

The Vanderbilts all liked him because they didn't have to talk an hour to make him understand their plans, and he didn't waste a week to find out what he had best advise them to do.

They asked and he answered right off, and that's just what he does now when a reporter wakes him up at midnight at his palatial home—and he answers good naturedly, too!

Commodore Vanderbilt died. Then his son, William H. Vanderbilt, died, leaving a lot of boys with a railroad on their hands running from New York clear to Chicago, and from there to St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and other Western places.

People were afraid that "the boys" wouldn't know how to run the roads, but they knew that that Peckskill boy who used to dance better, sing better, talk better and tell better stories than any of his fellows, was at the head of things and that he'd steer the railroads through all right.

When President James H. Rutter, of the Vanderbilt system of railroads, died, Chauncey M. Depew was elected to his place, and he is still President of the road, and it is the most prosperous road in the country.

He might have been elected a United States Senator, but he didn't want it. His party wanted him to run for President in 1888, but he said that people were against railroad presidents and he wouldn't run, and so he is still at the Grand Central Depot, running thousands of miles of railroads.

Mr. Depew is the friend to every employee of the road, from the humblest track-layer to the Vice-President, and he counts a friend in every one of them, from the brakemen to the master mechanics.

Mr. Depew is the busiest man in New York, yet any man, no matter what his errand, can see Mr. Depew by calling at his office in the Grand Central Depot or at his beautiful home.

He finds time to deliver masterly orations when a corner-stone is laid, a statue unveiled, a distinguished visitor received, or a historical anniversary celebrated by his fellow citizens.

He is ever ready to make brighter any occasion, and he speaks wisdom in such a way that those who hear him are amused, instructed and delighted at the same time.

He is an American of the highest type—a patriot, a thoughtful man, a wise man, and a gentleman.

Trying to Be Impartial.
(From "The Idler.")
Master—James, upon my word, you are wearing my new trousers.
Vat—Yes, sir; but I wore the coat and vest yesterday.

Success Illustrated in To-Morrow's EVENING WORLD.

North, East, South, West.
That's where Pearlina goes.

Wherever there's hard work for women, there it's needed, Easy

washing goes with it. Easy washing and better washing. Washing that doesn't wear out the clothes, or hurt the hands, or fabric, or tire the washer.

Washing that saves money, but costs no more than the washing that wastes it. When it does all this and more, is it any wonder that Pearlina goes? And it does go. It goes to the help of millions of women every day. But there are some who won't be helped. And they're the ones who need it most.

Peddlers and some grocers will tell you, "This is as good as Blowing" or "the same as Pearlina," but what a puff for Pearlina.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

HE RUNS ON THE ELMIRA EXPRESS.
A TALK WITH TRAINMAN CHARLES DEARSTINE.
Everybody Knows Him Along the Rails.
Rund Up Through New York State and Over at the Jersey City Depot—He Relates a Quicker Experience in a Reporter, with a Very Pointed Moral.

Charles Dearstine is a passenger trainman on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. He has just come from Jersey City, New Jersey, and is on his way to New York City. He is a very interesting man, and his story is a very pointed moral.

He had a queer experience. I couldn't sleep last night for fear of my train. My nose was stopped up so that I couldn't breathe through it at all. I would have to get up every time I wanted to sleep, and then I would have to go back to bed. I was so tired that I couldn't do anything but sleep.

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